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ABSTRACT

This publication evolved from a workshop entitled "A History of the Afro-American Through His Songs," at the New York State Education Department, October 1968. The conference was designed for representatives of the cities which have been designated to receive urban funds. The purpose of the meeting was: (1) to present a demonstration illustrating the latest techniques of teaching Afro-American folk music; (2) to show ways of developing in children an appreciation for the musical and cultural contributions of the American Negro; and, (3) to demonstrate the historical and cultural qualities embodied in Afro-American folk music. Bernice Reagon provided an audio-tape of her demonstration. In addition to the tapes and the workshop report, the words to each of the songs have been included in the text. The material in this report represents the information Bernice Reagon provided orally at the workshop. [The audiotape which accompanies this document is not available from EDRS, but from BOCES Regional Communication Centers at a cost of $2.00.] (Author/JW)

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A HISTORY OF THE AFRO AMERICAN THROUGH HIS SONGS

Part of a packet with audiotape

a report of

a workshop

presented by Miss Bernice Reagon

UD 011411

The University of the of New York THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
Division of Humanities and Arts Albany, New York 12224 1969

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FOREWORD

This publication evolved from a teaching-demonstration-workshop entitled "A History of the Afro-American Through His Songs," presented on October 31, 1968, at the New York State Education Department. The conference was programmed for representatives of the cities of the State which have been designated to receive urban funds. A staff member from each unit of the Department was also invited.

The purposes of the meeting included the following:

- To present a demonstration illustrating the latest techniques of teaching Afro-American folk music
- To show ways of developing in children an appreciation for the musical and cultural contributions of the American Negro
- To demonstrate the historical and cultural qualities embodied in Afro-American folk music

The conference was jointly sponsored by the Division of the Humanities and the Arts and the Division of Intercultural Relations. Permission was granted by Bernice Reagon for preparation of an audio-tape of her demonstration and for the preparation and dissemination of accompanying printed materials.

The tape recording was made during the conference. Due to the physical arrangements of the program, it was impossible to achieve ideal recording conditions. Therefore, it is hoped that the tape will be used primarily as a vehicle to encourage student participation rather than solely as a listening experience. A copy of the tape is available in reel-to-reel format at a cost of $2.00. All orders must be prepaid. The tape may be obtained by sending a written request to any one of the following BOCES Regional Communication Centers:

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In addition to the workshop report, the words to each of the songs have been included in the text. A special section which can be detached and duplicated is included which also contains the words to all the songs.

The material included in this report represents the information Bernice Reagon provided orally at the workshop. Deep appreciation is expressed to Charles J. Trupia, Associate in Music Education, for preparing the entire manuscript for publication. The Division also expresses its gratitude for assistance in editing to Peggy Mayne, Editor, Division of Educational Testing, who worked on the material with technical assistance from Guinevere C. Pryor, student at Northeastern University.

Special appreciation is expressed to Wilbur Nordos, Director, Division of Intercultural Relations, and to James Lockhart, Associate, Bureau of Educational Integration and to their colleagues from this Division, including Eugene J. Cunningham, John A. Quatraro, and Charles J. Trupia, Associates, Bureau of Music Education, for their leadership in planning and organizing the conference. The cover of this publication was designed by Frederick Haber, Senior Artist Designer.

A. Theodore Tellstrom
Chief, Bureau of Music
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Director, Division of
the Humanities and the Arts

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ABOUT MISS REAGON . . .

The Workshop entitled "The History of the Afro-American Through His Songs" was directed by Bernice Reagon, a musician of nationwide renown in the area of folk singing and a music director of many festivals. Miss Reagon is also an outstanding teacher who not only possesses a knowledge of music, dance, and cultural history, but also has the capacity for using these talents to assist the American Negro identify his black heritage with a rich and significant culture.

Miss Reagon is a specialist in Afro-American cultural history. The emphasis of her studies has been upon the arts which, as she says, provide the third dimension to the history of the culture that developed among Afro-Americans. Miss Reagon has caught the spirit of her people as it is expressed in the various art forms. Her professional career has led her into active participation in educational programs with children from the preschool to the high school level. Her activities also have included many lecture and demonstration workshops with teachers throughout the Nation.

At the beginning of the workshop, Miss Reagon gave some background information regarding the many problems that this country has faced in attempting to bring all the people into the "mainstream of American life." She explained that to examine why we have not been able to do this, we must discover how all of these peoples came to this continent or this "bit of ground." Her complete presentation, with minor revisions, follows. The conversational tone of the text reflects the fact that it was largely transcribed from the tape recording made of Miss Reagon's presentation.

MISS REAGON'S PRESENTATION . . .

One of the basic problems that black people have to deal with today is living in a society where cultures must inevitably clash. What has been right for Anglo-Saxons is often wrong for black Africans. This conflict between the two cultures has to do with the philosophy of each culture. It can be best shown by the treatment of ritual, music, or any of the other art forms, not only in the days of slavery but in our day as well. The closest thing to serious music created by black people is jazz, and this has not yet received the treatment it deserves.

If you study African music, you will find that each singer or drummer is a creator. Though the basic framework of a song is set, each time the song is sung the person who presents that song must recreate it in his own image. In the work of the geniuses of European culture, you will find the talented artist of today performing the music exactly as written. Their job is to interpret, but there is no room for the spontaneous creation that happens with all black forms of art. In one, you have emphasis placed on the ability of the artist to create from a basic foundation. In the other, you have the emphasis placed on the ability of the artist to present with freshness, with brilliance, or with clarity, the works of a renowned genius.

The black Africans never write down their music. They appear very crude, very naive; by European standards they might even appear stupid -- these people who don't write down their music, these people who talk with drums. This cultural difference, added to the physical difference of skin color, and the pressures of economics, has led to much of the difficulty in resolving racial problems.

We are dealing with a problem here that has implications on economic, social, and cultural levels. Understanding the culture of the black people in this country is very important. Giving it recognition is very important. In order to develop the strong people that we need, we must be able to start to look at the culture they created in a more serious and open manner.

Activities and materials presented here will demonstrate some of the things that can be done with black music specifically; will show how, through music, the picture, story, or experience of the people in this country can be painted so that children can understand where they are today - so that they can get a better perspective of how they should move. From this kind of experience, a people's history becomes more clear. Through songs, they can understand and get a feeling of the motivation of their parents. This understanding cannot be obtained through the data received in history books.

Among the black people, the consideration of a human being has three levels; these are the intellectual, the physical, and the emotional or spiritual. If a person doesn't develop all three levels, he is not complete; he is not whole. Yet often this fact is not recognized or considered important by society. For a person to say that he has an emotional self, that he should educate and cultivate it, is one of the aspects of black culture. The lack church, more than any other organization, was the institution for the cultivation of the spiritual self. No program designed to promote the understanding of the problems we face in this country can be developed without attributing importance to all three levels. In this country, there is emphasis on the intellect, but often there is a neglect of the other aspects of self. This indicates the sort of conflicts that black people have faced, living in the midst of a different culture, that is in so many ways opposed to the African culture they have inherited.

Through the sort of songs included in this presentation, one may reconstruct a more wholesome picture of the three aspects: intellect, physical motion, and that very, very important element, the spiritual - the development of the spiritual self.

To many black people, life was like a ship at sea. When the sea was calm, it was all right; but when the sea was stormy, then this was the bad time. The song that follows talks about the storms they faced as occupants of this land. The first three lines are: "We'll stand the storm. It won't be long. We'll anchor by and by." You will hear this element of hope many, many times in the songs presented. There is not only the statement of fact, but also the belief in the ability to withstand and overcome. This is very important.

Participants should be in a circle for these activities, because this is an aspect of the culture. Everybody is included on an equal basis. If you're going to learn from this experience, you can intelligently take down some notes; but in order to experience the other two aspects of black people, you have to become physically involved, and you've got to be able to feel what has happened. What I'm saying, basically, is that in order to observe and understand fully, you have to participate on all three levels, mentally, physically, and emotionally.

We'll Stand The Storm

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.
We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

My ship is on the ocean.
Anchor by and by.
My ship is on the ocean.
Anchor by and by.

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.
We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

It sails on to freedom.
Anchor by and by.
It sails on to freedom.
Anchor by and by.

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

A very important aspect of the African culture is the belief in the individual and his ability to create. Why should I write down the words of a song that has a thousand verses and that I never sing twice the same way; a song that is not a crystallization of what happens at any given time? In fact, once it is created, I can tear it up and throw it away, because the next time I do it, it is going to be a more beautiful thing.

This attitude toward creativity has been demonstrated very strongly in the music of black people. A specific instance of this attitude may be found in New Orleans. There was in New Orleans, a more liberal attitude toward slavery. Black people were allowed to keep their drums, and many of them ran away to join the Indians. Today in New Orleans, there are Indian tribes composed of black people, and at Mardi Gras, instead of marching with the regular parade, they have "their own thing."

For 363 or 364 days of the year, the men of a tribe work at sewing costumes. One of these costumes may cost $5 or it may cost $300. They are elaborately made of beads, feathers, and any other material the men can get. Most of their leisure time is devoted to this work. At Mardi Gras time, the chief dons his costume and leads his tribe into the street. In olden times, when tribes met, they fought an actual battle. Now they dance out the battle in pantomime.

When the Mardi Gras is over, they remove their costumes and burn them. This is an important rite. Another year is coming, and, because they are creative beings, their costumes next year will be more beautiful than those of this year. They will not be copies. Each will be a completely new creation. Creativity is inculcated very early in the children's games. Children are encouraged to learn how to create.

Many of the games called ring plays (a group of children in a circle) are played much like jazz. You set a basic framework, then you take a break and somebody blows riff; then you go back to the basic framework of the chorus, and somebody stops, and somebody else blows riff, and his riff cannot be like the other man's. If you play in a ring play and somebody is copied, he says: "Hey man, I did that one. Can't you think of

anything else new?" The song to be used for this is called Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-la-besa.

When the song has been sung through once, the leader will point to somebody who will then have to blow his riff. It is usually done in the form of a dance or some physical movement.

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a,
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a,
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.

(Miss Reagon)

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.

(Miss Reagon)

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a,
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a,
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.
Oh, no no no no la-besa.

Thus, from the time you are a very small child, you are pushed to create. At the school I went to, a one-room schoolhouse in Albany, Georgia, all seven grades were in the same room. We played the same games together. I started when I was 4. All seven grades would form a great big circle. I was pushed to compete with seventh grade kids who had played the same game for 7 years. This way, a child starts very early to develop the ability to create in his own image. Now if he gets into a form that stifles this ability, in fact, when he starts to do his embellishments in song, say in high school, the teacher must keep cool, contained, and controlled. There are people in high school whom teachers

cannot deal with at all, because they improvise on everything. They just run riffs and they sound like gospel singers. This creativity at all age levels comes from the kind of culture we develop, and there has to be room for it in education, because it is very important in the development of the individual. If the educational program stifles creativity, you have a problem from the first grade on.

Now, consider some of the songs from slavery. Children's songs and funny songs are very important in giving us a feeling of the black man's attitude toward what was happening around him. This song talks about manumission. It is based on the very romantic views you get from pictures like Gone With the Wind and other movies of just how beautiful everything was. If you read Joel Chandler Harris and his distortion of Black folklore, you find the same theme....how beautiful it was, how romantic, how happy everybody was, and how freedom was granted many times. This song tells about a very popular myth - many times a myth, a few times it actually happened - of a good slave owner who said, "John, if you'll work hard and be a good slave, when I die I will set you free." The song goes as follows:

Come Along

Come along.
Children, come along.
While the moon is shining bright.
Get on board.
Children, get on board.
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight.

(Miss Reagon)

Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.

Come along.
Children, come along.
While the moon is shining bright.

Get on board.
Children, get on board.
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight.

(Miss Reagon)

Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.

Then there's a song called Juba. It talks about food. It's used for a hand game. Juba is the word for giblet. Giblet was the food they had to eat. The line, "Juba this, and Juba that, and Juba kill the yellow cat," means if the slave owner had to eat it, it would kill him. That was all you were given.

Juba!

Juba!
Juba!
Juba this and juba that.
And juba kill the yellow cat.
And bent over double trouble.
Juba!

You cook the meal and give me the husk.
You cook the bread and give me the crust.
You eat the meat and you give me the skin.
And that's where my Mama's trouble begin.

Juba, ha!
Juba, ha!
Juba this and juba that.
And juba kill the yellow cat.
And bent over double trouble.
Juba, ha!

How do you teach elementary-age school children, black or white, about slavery? How can you make them understand what happened, and at the same time present it in such a fashion that they can deal with it, that they do not completely block you out? For many, many black children and White children, as well as for adults, this is a very painful matter.

There are just too many feelings tied up with coming from ancestors who either were brought here in chains, or who dealt with the selling and buying of men. Either way, it is a very delicate subject; very difficult to teach. Consequently, we have avoided dealing with it. I feel that we <u>can</u> teach about slavery, we <u>can</u> learn about the pain and the sorrow emotionally and academically, instead of withdrawing from it. Music is a good medium for doing this. The songs that the black people have left tell the story, and if children are able to recreate these songs, they will not forget the story. Also, they will not reject it, but will accept it as a part of their history. If young people can study history and realize that it has something to do with them, then they can use it in projecting what they will be and how their roles in history will be. They will ask themselves, "Will I play any of these roles we have studied about? Will I be the slave or the slave owner?" These are the things that history should teach, and the music helps a lot in making learning easier and more effective.

Now, a song about the sun. Sundown to many people meant the end of life. Life was thought of in terms of one day. Just as life was sometimes thought of as a ship on an ocean. And many times, when things got too, too hard, they said, "The sun will never go down. Looks like the day will never end." This was an expression of the wish to be taken out of their oppression....their wishing for the close of the day.

<u>The Sun Will Never Go Down, Go Down</u>

The sun will never go down, go down.
The sun will never go down.
The flowers are blooming forever.
The sun will never go down.

I feel like moaning sometime, sometime.
I feel like moaning sometimes.

The flowers are blooming forever.
The sun will never go down.
The sun will never go down, go down.
The sun will never go down.

The flowers are blooming forever.
The sun will never go down.

The stories of the underground railroad, accurately told, tell the story of black people so desperate for a change that they left plantations with only two facts of knowledge: One, North was where you should go; and two, how you should get there. In the daytime, check the moss on the trees. It always grows on the north side. At night, look into the sky and you will see a gourd just like the one you use for drinking water. It points to the North Star. They were able to use this next song because of the use of the word drinking gourd instead of big dipper.

Follow the Drinkin' Gourd

Follow, follow.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for to carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

When the moonlight's high, and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
For the old man is a waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for to carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

The river bank'll make a mighty good road.
The dead tree will show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot traveling on as
You follow the drinkin' gourd.

Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for to carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

Emancipation brought about a new day, with new problems but new hope for a new life. Black people by hundreds of thousands started out all over the South trying to find their way in a land that was still alien, but a land that they hoped could be a place where they could become men; a land that would allow them to become free. We know the story of what happened: The reconstruction. Black people registered and voted, elected

owners of the land (that many of them had already farmed for 3 to 5 years). There was trouble. The white men came forward and said: "You don't own this land. I own it; here's the deed. But you don't have to move. We can become partners on a sharecropping plan." Blacks did the work, and whites got the pay. It was supposed to be a situation where black would farm the land and at the end of the year divide the harvest. This song talks about the sharecroppers.

Cotton Need a Pickin' So Bad

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

I've been working under a contract a'wella ever since that day.
And I just found out this year why I ain't never drawn no pay.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

Lord, the boss sold my cotton.
And I asked him for my half.
He said with it you done jobbing up.
You're half way to grab.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

The boss told Uncle Billy.
He said, you have done right well.
You paid your debt with the cotton you picked.
I'll give you the seeds to sell.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this world.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

The chain gang was an institution known only after the black people were free. This was a further development of thinking along the line that black people were not yet quite human. It is a different song that comes out of the chain gang. There were the spiritual, the protest song, and the slave song. The church was developing. But what happens to a man who is isolated from the ones he loves? He sings a different song -- the work songs, the blues. An example of the work song is Take This Hammer.

Take This Hammer

Take this hammer.
Tell it to the captain.

Take this hammer, ha!
Tell it to the captain, ha!

Take this hammer, ha!
Tell it to the captain, ha!

Tell him that I'm gone, Lord. Ha!
Tell him that I'm gone.

Well, I don't want your, ha!
Chain and shackle, ha!

I don't want your chain and shackle, ha!
I don't want your chain and shackle, ha!

I don't want your....

Blues is an American invention. It is the only kind of music that has been recorded that comes close to telling the story of American slavery. There is not another case in history where slavery has been of the same manner. The blues developed from the work songs. Many of the work songs were not only protest but also reaffirmations...the reaffirming of one's self. With the blues or blues form, blues became a manner in which people expressed their love, love that many times had to do with a separation of a sort. In almost every blues song, you will find an expression of love, an expression of sadness because of a separation, an expression of hope that things will change...

See What You Done Now, Baby

See, see rider.
See what you done now.
Oh, Lord, Oh, see, see rider.
See what you done done.

They'll make me love you.
Let your girl done died.

I'm going away, way, baby.
Leaving you back here. Oh, yea, yea!
Oh, going away baby.
Leaving you back here.

I've got to find a new home.
In this world somewhere.

Or a song of the death letter blues. Death letters in those days came in the mailbox and had black stripes across the envelope. If you saw one, you knew somebody had died.

Gotta Letter This Morning

Gotta letter this morning.
How in the world do you reck' it read?
I said, I gotta letter this morning.
Said, how in the world do you reck' it read?

I reck' you better hurry, hurry.
Cause the man you love is dead.

Jumped up and got my suitcase.
I went runnin' down the road
Said, I jumped up and got my suitcase.
I went runnin' down the road.

When I got to my baby,
He was layin' on a cooling board.
Looked like 10 thousand people standing 'round a graveyard cryin'.
Looked like to me 10 thousand people standing 'round the graveyard cryin'.

Never knew how much I loved my baby.
'Til they started to lower him down.

With the freedom of black people, there came a freer exchange with other people in the country, specifically the poor whites - a cultural exchange. Much of the music created or used in the black church is taken intact from the whites' church music. Some examples of these are songs like Precious Lord (which happens to have been the favorite song of Dr. Martin Luther King), Will the Circle Be Unbroken, Never Grow Old, Life is Like a Mountain Railroad which are all religious songs that were borrowed and used from the church music of the whites. This is another example of recreating something in your own image.

The racial barriers kept the people separated. But how can you separate a dance like the Charleston, which is African? How do you say that just black people do this? It couldn't be done. How can you stop music from flowing backward and forward between the races?

As instruments were brought into use in black music, their accent imitated a human voice. This creation or innovation flowed right across the southern whites and the thing that you call Blue Grass developed, a combination of southern white tradition with black blues influence. I think it is very important to make this kind of point when teaching history. It is very important to talk about the times in history when any element of exchange occurred between peoples.

I did not mention the populace movement, but that was also a time when black and white people for a short while found common interests and worked together....As they did again when the radio became widely used, and people could hear different kinds of music; there was an exchange.

During slavery, blacks were so occupied with their own survival that they did not even know that there was somebody else starving. But, if you hear a song that has pathos in it like Farther Along, then you know somebody else has felt the same thing. Maybe their situation was different, but it is the same thing. The depression is talked about, or sung about a little bit in this next song. It is a children's game called Shangari. It talks about migration the belief that a piece of land

worked hard by a man should supply him with the means to provide for his family, should give him food, clothing, and household necessities. If this doesn't happen, he should move on and try some other place. And what has happened in this country is that black have tried just about all of the places. So now, we have to think of a different kind of theory as to how to get our food and clothing. But at the time of the song, people would just move. The verse of the song says: "If I live and don't get killed, I'm going back to Jacksonville, or if I live to see next fall, I'm not gonna plant no cotton at all." Now I want you to sing Shangari.

Shangari

Shangari.
If I live.
Shangari.
And don't get killed.
Shangari.
I'm going back.
Shangari.
To Jacksonville.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
I said if I live.
Shangari.
To see next fall.
Shangari.
A'wella, I ain't gonna plant.
Shangari.
No cotton at all.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
I said you got the plow.
Shangari.
And I got the horse.
Shangari.
Well, if that ain't farming.
Shangari.
I said I don't know.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.

Oh, baby.
Shangari.
A'tell me have you heard.
Shangari.
Of the buggaloo?
Shangari.
We got the ear to the butter.
Shangari.
And well who to choose.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari. *Whee!*

The different things you hear me do with my voice box means that I have gone through years of training, and therefore interpret this musical instrument very differently from classical European standards. Many of the harsh sounds are very difficult to accomplish. They are not crude, and they are not raw. They come close to the epitome of perfection. They mean that you are moving; you are expanding your concepts. This is only from the standpoint or view of the black culture, so that, when I say I want to learn to sing a spiritual, the last place I would go for instruction or assistance would be to the Juilliard School of Music or a similar institution. I would go to a church in Alabama, and study with the doctors, the experts, the academy of blues, and the academy of spirituals. We Afro-Americans have our geniuses too; important ones, who are to be taken seriously. This kind of use of your voice, use of technique to convey an art form and to convey all aspects of a person, is not something that happens in one day. The music of black people had to be a bit different, because they had a lot more pain to express. It had to have a lot more yells in it and more "hollers" in it; and, if you

listen to the jazz today, you hear that in the saxophones, and the sounds that they make. You should be able to sense the history and the experience of a people through their art form.

The Civil Rights Movement is our day's history. The songs that have been created during this movement were created in the same manner as any other song that had been created by our people. One night a man walked into a mass meeting and said, "this is an injunction from a federal court judge, and it says that you cannot march anymore;" and of course everybody grumbled and booed, but also somebody was reacting intellectually, physically, and emotionally, and answered him this way:

Turn Me 'Round

Ain't gonna let no man john, john.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.

Ain't gonna let no man john, john.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
I'm gonna keep on a walkin'; keep on a talkin',
marching up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let you, Jim Pritchard.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
I'm gonna keep on a walkin'; keep on a talkin',
marching up to freedom land.

You have in the songs of the Civil Rights Movement important dates, names of officials, and events. People hearing those songs many years from now will be able to know about the chief of police, the mayor, and other participants in this "history-being-made" because all of these people are crystallized in it. So that this kind of oral tradition has some validity historically. This was also a period when people with a common interest came together. Hundreds and thousands of people from all over the country stopped what they were doing to give physical testimony

to the humanities, the rights, the natural rights of man to his own humanity....Certain rights that he just gets, just for being born. For us, this question was coming some 300-odd years after we had come here. So many, many years after the same issue had been dealt with by the colonies. The mass integration and the nonviolent movement had in it many events, and facts help us to understand it; but, if you listen to the songs, you hear determination; you hear an expression of faith, of belief in the humanity of all men...The belief that all men who are created have the ability to love and to respond to love. The ideas behind the strategy of nonviolence are based on the fact that all people are human beings.

SONG SHEETS

1. We'll Stand the Storm

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.
We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

My ship is on the ocean.
Anchor by and by.
My ship is on the ocean.
Anchor by and by.

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.
We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

It sails on to freedom.
Anchor by and by.
It sails on to freedom.
Anchor by and by.

We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.
We'll stand the storm.
It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by.

2. Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.

(Miss Reagon)

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.

Continuation of Song #2

(Miss Reagon)

Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Ma-ma-lam-a, Ku-ma-lam-a
ku-ma-la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.
Oh no no no no la-besa.

3. Come Along

Come along.
Children, come along.
While the moon is shining bright.
Get on board.
Children get on board.
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight.

(Miss Reagon)

Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.

Come along.
Children, come along.
While the moon is shining bright.
Get on board.
Children get on board.
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight.

(Miss Reagon)

Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.
(Miss Reagon)
Way in the middle of the night.

4. Juba!

Juba!
Juba!
Juba this and juba that.
And juba kill the yellow cat.
And bent over double trouble.
Juba!

You cook the meal and give
me the husk.
You cook the bread and give
me the crust.
You eat the meat and give me
the skin.
And that's where my Mama's
trouble begin.

Juba, ha!
Juba, ha!
Juba this and juba that.
And juba kill the yellow cat.
And bent over double trouble.
Juba, ha!
Juba, ha!

5. The Sun Will Never Go Down, Go Down

The sun will never go down,
go down.
The sun will never go down.
The flowers are blooming
forever.
The sun will never go down.

I feel like moaning sometime,
sometime.
I feel like moaning sometimes.

The flowers are blooming
forever.
The sun will never go down.
The sun will never go down,
go down.
The sun will never go down.
The flowers are blooming
forever.
The sun will never go down.

6. Follow the Drinkin' Gourd

Follow, Follow,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for
to carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

When the moonlight's high
and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
For the old man is a waitin'
for to carry you to freedom,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for to
carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

The river bank'll make a
mighty good road.
The dead tree will show you
the way.
Left foot, peg foot traveling
on as
You follow the drinkin' gourd.

Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
Old man is a waitin' for
to carry you to freedom.
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

7. Strawberry

Strawberry.
Strawberry.
Strawberry.
Strawberry.
Well, they're so fresh
and fine.
And they're just off the vine.
Nothing but nice strawberries.

Strawberry.
Strawberry.
Strawberry.
Strawberry.

8. Cotton Need a Pickin' So Bad

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

I've been working under a contract a'wella ever since that day.
And I just found out this year why I ain't never drawn no pay.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

Lord, the boss sold my cotton.
And I asked him for my half.
He said with it you done jobbed up.
You're half way to grab.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

The boss told Uncle Billy.
He said you have done right well.
You paid your debt with the cotton you picked.
I'll give you the seeds to sell.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this world.

Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
Cotton need a pickin' so bad.
I'm gonna pick all over this field.

9. Take This Hammer

Take this hammer.
Tell it to the captain.

Take this hammer, ha!
Tell it to the captain, ha!

Take this hammer, ha!
Tell it to the captain, ha!
Tell him that I'm gone, Lord. Ha!
Tell him that I'm gone.

Well, I don't want your, ha!
Chain and shackle, ha!
I don't want your chain and shackle, ha!
I don't want your chain and shackle, ha!
I don't want your . . .

10. See What You Done Now, Baby

See, see rider.
See what you done now.
Oh, Lord, Oh, see, see rider.
See what you done done.

They'll make me love you.
Let your girl done died.

I'm going away, way, baby.
Leaving you back here, oh, yea, yea.
Oh, going away baby.
Leaving you back here.
I've got to find a new home,
In this world somewhere.

11. Gotta Letter This Morning

Gotta letter this morning.
How in the world do you reck' it read?
I said, I gotta letter this morning.
Said how in the world do you reck' it read?
I reck' you better hurry, hurry.
Cause the man you love is dead.

Jumped up and got my
 suitcase.
I went runnin' down the road.
Said, I jumped up and got
 my suitcase.
I went runnin' down the road.

When I got to my baby,
He was lyin' on a cooling
 board.
Looked like 10,000 people
 standing 'round a graveyard
 cryin'
Looked like to me 10,000
 people standing 'round the
 graveyard cryin'.
Never knew how much I loved
 my baby 'til they started to
 lower him down.

12. <u>Shangari</u>

Shangari.
If I live.
Shangari.
And don't get killed.
Shangari.
I'm going back.
Shangari.
To Jacksonville.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
I said if I live.
Shangari.
To see next fall.
Shangari.
A'wella, I ain't gonna plant.
Shangari.
No cotton at all.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
I said you got the plow.
Shangari.
And I got the horse.
Shangari.
Well, if that ain't farming.
Shangari.

Continuation of Song #12

I said I don't know.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
A'tell me have you heard.
Shangari.
Of the buggaloo?
Shangari.
We got the ear to the butter.
Shangari.
And well who to choose.
Shangari.
Oh,baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari.
Oh, baby.
Shangari. Whee!

13. <u>Turn Me'Round</u>

Ain't gonna let no man
 john, john.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.

Ain't gonna let no man
 john, john.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
I'm gonna keep on a walkin';
 keep on a talkin', marching
 up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let you, Jim
 Pritchard.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
Turn me 'round.
I'm gonna keep on a walkin';
 keep on a talkin', marching
 up to freedom land.

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